

For when the fair *Monthermer's* seen,
And *Spencer's* matchless Face and Mein,
Her more than heavenly Eyes.

And charming *Rialton* appears,
With *Bridgwater* to Gild the Sphears;
And all Mankind surprize.

Nature stands still,
And has no will,
Or Power, but to Gaze.

And wonders at
The Beauties, that
She made should her amaze.

For tho' in every Age do shine,
Clelia's or *Portia's* Divine;
Some *Lucrece*, or *Mobun*.

As they did different Ages bless,
Much greater is our Happiness,
With four such Flowers in bloom.

These who can praise
With equal Lays.
Alas, we are not fit,

But none should join
Beauties Divine,
With those, not Grac'd with it.

If *Stella's*, *Sacarissa's* Names,
Immortal made by *Waller's* Strains;
And Godlike *Sydney's* Song.

None else er'e dar'd; presume to praise,
Then *Hallifax* his Voice should raise,
Least others do THESE Wrong.